

A Prisoner of War.
Read the opening chapters of our new
serial story begun in this issue. There
is not a dull line in it from beginning to
end.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

VOL. XVI.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1892.

EVERY MONTH

Shows a gratifying increase in the
amount of Exchange and Custom
work we are doing, and

EVERY DAY

Brings encouraging words from our
customers. They invariably say

"Give me some
more of the
same kind."

And that is what we are doing fast
as possible. If you have not tried
us, do so at once, and supply your-
self with the

BEST FLOUR :-

:- AND :-

MEAL

Manufactured in the state. We
serve you promptly any day in the
week. If you want to buy Flour
or Meal, send us your orders.

Prices quoted on application.

Respectfully,

IRVINGTON MILLING CO.,
IRVINGTON, KY.

Geo. Yeakel & Co.
BRANDENBURG, KY.

How Can We Do It :-

We've been asked that question a hundred
times lately by people who bought at our store,
goods they were used to paying double the
money for. But don't waste words. We got
the goods honestly, paid good money for them
and they are ours to throw away, give away
or sell away under our regular prices. We
choose to do the last, you owe it to yourself to
come around and stock up at these unheard of
prices.

Clothing

The last chance of your life to secure Over-
coats at your own price.

1 lot Men's overcoats w/ \$15.00 red'd to \$10.00	
1 " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	7.90
1 " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	6.90
1 " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	5.90
1 " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	4.90

AUCTION PRICES

Geo. Yeakel & Co.'s,
UNTIL STOCK TAKING TIME.

1 lot Men's suits w/ \$18.00 red'd to \$12.50	
1 " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	7.00
1 " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	9.00
1 " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	7.50
1 " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	4.98

Boots and Shoes

One lot of Ladies' fine shoes worth \$3.00	
Reduced to	\$2.49
One lot of Ladies' fine shoes worth \$2.50	
Reduced to	1.98
One lot of Ladies' fine shoes worth \$1.75	
Reduced to	1.24
One lot of Ladies' fine shoes worth \$1.25	
Reduced to	.95
One lot of Ladies' heavy shoes worth \$1.10	
Reduced to	.69
One lot of Men's boots to close worth \$4.00	
Reduced to	\$2.90
One lot of Men's boots to close worth \$3.00	
Reduced to	1.98
One lot of Men's boots to close worth \$2.50	
Reduced to	1.50
One lot of Men's boots to close worth \$2.50 to \$5.00 reduced to...	1.25

Dress Goods

We are offering something fine in Dress
Goods which can not be found at any other
house. They compose the remainder of Fine
Dress Goods bought early in the season and
must be sold.

You will never have another such a chance
to get a nice Dress and get it cheap. They
will not last long. Come early if you
want choice.

Geo. YEAKEL & CO.
BRANDENBURG, KY.

The Sun.

Has secured during 1892

W. D. E. Wells, H. Elder Haggard,
George Meredith, Norman Lockyer,
Andrew Lang, Oona Doyle,
St. George Mivart, Mark Twain,
Rudyard Kipling, J. Chandler Harris,
R. Louis Stevenson, William Black,
W. Clark Russell, Mary E. Wilkins,
Frances Hodgson Burnett,
And many other distinguished writers.

The Sunday Sun
Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the
world.

PRICE 50c. A COPY. BY MAIL \$2 A YEAR.
Address THE SUN, New York.



CHAPTER I.
WE MAKE A BREAK FOR LIBERTY. ADDED
BY NIGHT AND RAIN.



WE SAW AN OLD WHITE BEARDED NEGRO.

Like every railroad within the Con-
federate lines in the summer of 1864, that
leading west from Savannah was in a
very bad state and the rolling stock was
quite in keeping with the road. Ten
miles an hour was considered good speed
for a passenger train, but as prisoners
were carried in freight cars, and on a
freight schedule or on no schedule at all,
delays on sidings were frequent, and a
knowledge of the distance to be traveled
gave no idea of the time when one might
expect to reach his destination. It was
about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of June
31 when we left Savannah, and the officer
in charge of the guards, Lieutenant
Grimes, of the Thirty-second Georgia,
told us that he expected to get to Macon,
about 100 miles away, the next day at
noon.

We left Camp Davidson in a driving
rain, which poured down almost with-
out cessation, for twenty-four hours.
Although close to the hole which Bell
had cut in the bottom of the car and
graze which he lay, I went to sleep, as I
have known weary veteran soldiers to
do when lying down under fire. It was
near midnight when I was aroused by
the stopping of the train and the beating
of the rain on the roof. Bell's whisper
and his hand on my arm assured me that he
was near and dispelled drowsiness. We
supposed the train had come to a stop
for wood and water, and as it was dark
inside and out, and all the conditions we
were hoping for seemed to be at hand,
we were about to drop through the hole
to the track, when the door at the side
was thrown violently open and a man
appeared, holding a lantern above his
head.

"Guards, turn out here!" he shouted.
The two guards, who had been sleep-
ing, one at each end of the car, crept
over the recumbent prisoners and got
out through the door that was open.
With the voice of one in authority and
blessed with good lungs, the same man
called in:

"The prisoners must get out here!"
"Is this Macon?" some one asked.
"No; it's Millen," said the man.
"But ain't we going on to Camp Ogles-
thorpe?"

"Not that I'm aware of; I reckon we
can care for you here." Then, in an an-
thoritative voice: "Come, hurry up! I
don't want to stand here all night."
Bell and myself were the last men to
leave the car, but fortunately the hole
in the bottom escaped the notice of the
man with the lantern. As soon as the
prisoners were out we were formed by
fours, my companion and myself bring-
ing up the rear with another prisoner
who was suffering from inflammatory
rheumatism and who moved with much
pain and difficulty. Somebody near the
head of the line called out:

"How far are we to march, captain?"
"It's a right smart walk for a night
like this," was the unsatisfactory re-
sponse.

"Tougher, if we are shot to bits!"
whispered Bell, and he emphasized his
words by a grip on my arm.

The guard at the rear of the line, evi-
dently of the "home" variety, was a tall,
gaunt man of sixty, with a dejected air,
a slovenly walk and an utter lack of in-
terest in the count of the prisoners that
was made as soon as we left the cars.
There were five lanterns along the line,
and excepting that carried by the man
who seemed to have taken command,
they were all circular, tin affairs with
perforations, through which the light of
the tallow dip within shined. When the
line was formed the nearest of these
lanterns was about thirty feet to our
front, and was carried by a man who
stood off about ten feet to the left of the
line.

"The guards must see that the prison-
ers are kept closed up!"
This command came down the line
from the man with the best lantern, then
the order "March!" was given, and we
started off through mud so thick and
treacherous that it threatened to pull our
boots off at every step. It was not till
we got away from the lights of the
shabby little station that we realized
how intensely dark it was. Before we
had gone 300 yards the time had lost
formation and prisoners and guards were
struggling and staggering through the
mud. Although helped along by two
friends, one rheumatismic comrade finally
came to a stop and said to the guard:

"You can kill me if you want to, for
it will kill me to go another hundred
yards. I'm played out!"

"Tear ain't no way to tote you as I
see," said the perplexed guard.
"Can't you get a stretcher or an an-
bulance?" some one asked.

"We ain't got no such things in Mil-
len as I ever heard on," said the guard.
We had come to a halt, and mean-
while the others had gone on twenty or

thirty yards, and the dim light from the
swaying lanterns was not sufficient to
enable us to see each other's forms.

Since leaving the station Bell and I had
walked, holding each other's hands so as
to be able to communicate without
speaking when the time for action came.
Bell pressed my hand and drew me away
in the direction of the line, but before
we had gone five paces he turned sud-
denly to the right, for in the distant left
there were a few lights burning that in-
dicated habitations. A steady east wind
and the swish of the rain prevented our
being heard, if indeed the guard took
any notice of our departure, which is
doubtful. We crossed a ditch, knee
deep with water, and were in the act of
climbing a fence that rose above it, when
the old man to the rear shouted out:

"Officer of the guard! Officer of the
guard!"

"What's up back there?" came from
the front.

"A pizen's done give out back here,"
was the reply.

"Halt!" came a shout from the ad-
vance. Then followed a torrent of oaths,
both loud and fierce, as the man with
the best lantern made his way back
through the crowd.

Without waiting to see or hear more
Bell and myself started off on a line at
right angles to the approaching light.
The wind and rain favored us, as well as
the loud talking of the men at the rear
of the line and the angry imprecations
of the officer. In a minute we came to
another fence, over which we clambered,
and looking back we could see that the
lanterns were still stationary. Of the
points of the compass we had only the
faintest notion, but we inferred from the
position of the train, which was headed
west when we left it, and the direction
taken since then that we were traveling "nigh
t'ont noth," as Bell put it.

We were in no condition to decide on
a plan. If not already missed from the
line, our escape would certainly be de-
tected when the prisoners were counted
again, as they invariably were every
time they entered the prison, and then
punishment would be made. Our one ob-
ject was to put as great a distance as pos-
sible between ourselves and Millen in the
few hours left before daylight. With
this understanding, we started off again
after a few minutes' halt, but all hope of
rapid progress was checked by finding
ourselves in a dense wood with a par-
ticularly thick and stubborn under-
growth.

Soon the faint glow of the lanterns
died out behind us, and it was only by
keeping our hands extended that we
could make any headway. The woods
were as dark as the bottomless pit in the
Mammoth cave, and the opposing trees
compelled so many detours from what
was intended to be a straight line that
we soon lost all idea of direction and
were not at all sure that we were not
drifting back on our own trail. Yet the
intense impulse to be moving, the over-
whelming desire to get out of reach and
our determination to die rather than be
recaptured, gave us a fictitious strength
and a tireless energy.

At length the woods fell away about
us and the undergrowth was less annoy-
ing. We were evidently in a clearing,
and the deep baying of a dog in the dis-
tance suggested that we were near a
human habitation. On this trip I learned
how deceptive the ears are and how dif-
ficult it is to tell of the direction from
which sound comes if we are not expect-
ing it from a certain quarter, or if the
eyes cannot supplement the hearing.

"We ain't got no use for no dog," we
unsin't lost any," was Bell's com-
ment as the barking continued, without at
indicating the direction from which it
came. After some minutes we decided
that the dog was off to the left—what
we supposed was the west—so we kept
straight ahead, crossing a fenceless field
and coming to another wood, which we
entered at once.

By this time the rain had ceased, but
as we were thoroughly soaked and the
trees still dripped and the undergrowth
kept us in a constant sweating bath, it
did not make much difference. The day-
light, for which our eyes had been hun-
gering, at length came, enabling us to
avoid the trees, and revealing to each
the lean, anxious face of the other.

Like all the Tennessee mountaineers
whom I have met, Bell had much of the
stoicism, or it may be philosophy, which
we attribute to the Indian. In the most
trying situations he never became ex-
cited, though after an actual danger was
over he would become nervous in speak-
ing of it, and go back to it again and
again like a child who has had an un-
usual experience.

As we stood there in the woods, sad,
hungry, weary and undecided on every-
thing but one, Bell drew a long breath
and delivered himself something after this
fashion:

"We was planned an planned an plan-
ned to get away from the Rebs till hit
seemed ex if we was mount get heart-
broken. Now, that was hit in the liver. Bit
seemed nob, it could be safer'n that, but
along came a case an jerked the bull ca-
boodle out, an then it looked doggone
blue fo' us. That you uns must allow."

I acknowledged the entire accuracy of
this statement.

"Wal, then, that was the rain," con-
tinued Bell, "to most men that wouldn't
a looked encouragin, but hit's the very
best thing could a happened fo' us, cos
hit won't win the dogs no show." On my
expressing surprise, he explained:

"The wet ground won't hold scent, and
hit's been party much 'bout like wadin
through a creek since we uns hit out; so
that'd be no dogs on this mawin, an
hit's a comfort fo' think of."

I understood his allusion to blood-
hounds and instinctively I looked about
for a club. The light on the clouds gave
us the compass points, and told us that
we had been traveling east instead of
north. We pushed again, and kept on
till the sun began to cast shadows,
and we were brought to a halt on the
banks of a swollen creek that flowed
south to the Ogechee, as we subsequent-
ly learned. We kept up the creek till
we came to a phosphate quarry on the
edge of a marsh, and the corduroy road
leading out of it placed told that it had
been recently worked.

While we were debating what to do
next we heard the rumble of wheels in
the distance, accompanied by the crack-
ing of a whip and the continued shout-
ing which the drivers of army mules and
farm oxen consider so essential to pro-
gress. There was no telling by the voice
whether the men were white or black,
for the accent of the uneducated south-
ern whites is much like that of the ne-
gro. Indeed, my friend Bell, who had all
the characteristic pride of the mountaineer
and very naturally looked upon himself
as vastly superior to the slave or the
cracker, spoke much the same dia-
lect, and with the same intonation and
contentment for the final "r."

As the team was approaching us, we
drew back into the swampy woods and
waited. Soon we found that there were
two men, for in the intervals of shout-
ing at the oxen the driver was address-
ing a companion in about the same sten-
torian tones. At length and to our
great relief, the oxen, drawing a heavy
two wheeled cart on which were seated
two colored men, came in view. The
cart was turned at the opening to the
pit and was loaded with pikes, bars and
shovels that had been housed in a little
structure near by.

Although we listened intently, it was
impossible to learn anything as to our
whereabouts from the talk of those two
men. "Tore's girl, she ain't a doin
right," was the burden of their conversa-
tion, and as they were evidently of one
mind on this subject, it was curious to
hear them agreeing with the force of
affirmation that distinguishes a legisla-
tive debate.

Waiting till the wagon was loaded,
we came out from our hiding place and
confronted the negroes. The phrase
"struck dumb" exactly expresses their
state of mind on seeing us. Their eyes
seemed actually to turn all white as
they looked at us. At length I relieved
their anxiety by calling out:

"Don't be afraid, boys, we are
friends!"

"What—what did yeh come f'om, an
who is yeh?" asked the man with the
whip.

It amused me very often to hear the
vigor with which Bell proclaimed him-
self "a Yankee," meaning, of course, a
Union man. To the negro's question he
replied:

"We uns is scupin Yankee soldiers,
and we uns want you uns to help."
"Good Lord!" exclaimed the second
man. "If you's Yankees, whar's yer
guns?"

"We were prisoners and escaped from
Millen last night," I replied. Then, de-
termined to leap into their good graces
at a bound, I added: "Our people will
soon be along with guns, and you will
all be free. Now we are tired and hun-
gry, and we want you to help us."

The fear and doubt vanished from the
faces of the men, and they at once ex-
pressed a willingness to do everything in
their power. They told us that Millen
ten miles to the west, was in Burke
county, and that we were now on the
border of the same county, and about
eighteen miles from Sylvania, the
county seat, and a right smart long
day's drive from de Savannah ribbaw,
jes' 'bout east. Their master "had done
gone to de wah, but young Massa Bell
was home sick," and there were four
white ladies at the house.

Like the man with the whip, and evi-
dently the man with the best lantern,
I had followed the same program: There
was no danger that any white man would
come out to the "gypsin pit," as he
called the quarry, so he advised that we
spend the day there, and he promised to
send us out provisions as soon as it could
be done with safety. "We can't do
puffin else twel night," he said, "and
twel dat time comes I'll put in some
powder like a sprain. But treat in
de Ler of Hoola, mawhah, dat's de strong-
est hot yons hez got now."

"An you'll send we uns some grub,"
suggested Bell, adding as an incentive,
"I'm so doggone hungry I could eat a
mule and chase the ridah."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Won by a Club Button.

"Do you see that peculiar looking stud
that man is wearing on his shirt front?"
said a hotel clerk the other day, point-
ing to a gentleman standing near by,
and on whose expansive bosom was
fastened a gold button with a bird in
black enamel upon it.

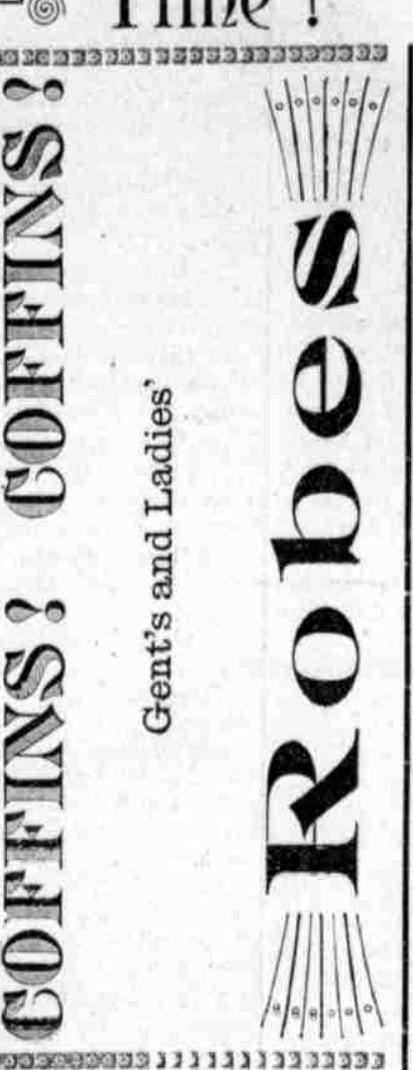
"That man is a St. Louis drummer,
and he has been wearing that stud for
twenty years to my knowledge," added
the clerk. It was twenty years ago
that he married a relative of Patrick
Egan, of Nebraska. Previous to that
time a certain young business man of
Chicago was also courting her, and
among the presents he once gave her was
a pair of cuff buttons, of which that stud
was one. The young lady's cuffs, and
in just parlous one of them and sewed
it in his shirt front. When leaving the
house afterward he encountered the
Chicago suitor, who spied the jewel. An
explanation was demanded of the young
lady and an angry scene followed, and
the Chicago man left in a huff.

When the St. Louis drummer called
the next time he proposed and was ac-
cepted. After their marriage his wife
told him that the Chicago lover pro-
posed first, which he undoubtedly would
have done but for the cuff button episode,
she would have accepted him. Ever
since that time the happy husband has
been wearing that button, and money
could not buy it of him."—San Francisco
Call.

"An honest pill is the noblest work of
the apothecary." DeWitt's Little Early
Risers cure constipation, biliousness
and sick headache.—Sold by Short &
Haynes.

Now Is
a Good
Time!

COFFINS! COFFINS!
Gent's and Ladies'



FARMERS SUPPLY HOUSE,

BELIEVES IN LA GRIPPE

Sir Edwin Arnold Says It Came on
Like a Nemesis for His Scoffing.

New York, Jan. 17.—Sir Edwin Ar-
nold is at the Everett House, confined to
his room with the grip. His physician
has told him that it will probably be
four or five days before he may go out,
and that he must be very careful or se-
rious results may follow.

"I never believed that there was any
such thing as la grippe," said Sir Edwin
this evening. "I was a scoffer when the
rest of the world thought it had the dis-
ease. I said it was nothing but a serious
cold that had come upon the people and
they were making of it a new ill come to
plague mankind. I pood-pooled the dis-
ease, and now it has come upon me like
a Nemesis for my scoffing. My throat
is as sore as if there were strings of bar-
bed wire drawn through it, and I am
tired, oh, so tired!" And the poet turned
over and groaned in agony. Sir
Edwin's New York dates have been can-
celled, and it is not believed he will lec-
ture here again.

Recommends it to Everyone.

"Thinking that a word from me might
be the cause of others receiving benefit
from your S. S. S., I write to say that I
have been a sufferer from Eczema, which
my doctor called pink heads. Small
blisters would form on my limbs,
would break and ooze, and cause large
sores to form. The odor arising would
be very disagreeable, and I would often
be laid up from one to two weeks at a
time. The disease would break out
about every two months. I tried vari-
ous physicians and treatments, but re-
ceived no permanent relief until I was
induced to try S. S. S., and felt the ben-
efit from it in a few days. I continued
the use of it until I had taken three bot-
tles, which was over a year ago, and I
have not had the Eczema since. I be-
lieve it is thoroughly eradicated from
my system. I feel sure that S. S. S. is
the greatest blood remedy, and I would
recommend it to everyone afflicted with
any form of blood poison, for I believe
they will receive like benefits that I
have."

J. S. A. BEARD, Louisville, Ky.

We will mail free to any address a
most valuable treatise on the blood and
skin.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

New York Farmers' League.

The New York State Farmers' league,
which met in Utica last month, charged
its legislative committee with the
preparation and presentation of bills
at the coming session of the state
legislature as follows: To establish
the legal rate of interest at 5 per
cent; to equalize taxation by taxing real
and personal property alike; to direct
that goods and articles manufactured by
convicts in state prisons be sold abroad
and not at home; and that the proceeds
of such sales be divided equally between
the prisoners and the state; to prevent
the adulteration of food and drink; to
amend the highway laws so that the
building of public roads shall not be
under state, but under county manage-
ment; to amend the act creating the
state board of railroad commissioners
by increasing the number of commis-
sioners to five and giving representation
to farmers and mechanics.

You don't want a torpid liver. You
don't want a bad complexion. You don't
want a bad breath. You don't want a
headache. Then use DeWitt's Little
Early Risers, the famous little pills.—
Sold by Short & Haynes.

To throw aside that old stove and Rockety piece of

FURNITURE

And come to our house and purchase something that is durable and cheap. Our goods are
of all at all our prices make it possible for every household to be will furnished, both in
the parl or. Don't buy a thing until you get our prices. We are the money savers
and Fa mar's Supplies.



LADY OF THE HOUSE—Do you still like our Charter Oak Stove as well as when we
first got it, Mary?

SERVANT—Oh, every bit as well, Ma'am.
LADY OF THE HOUSE—I am expecting a friend to take dinner with us next week, on purpose
to show her how nice our stove cooks everything, and I want you to have a nice dinner for us.
SERVANT—Indeed I will, Ma'am. There's no trouble to cook nice with that stove. The
fire General Green Doors makes it so much easier than other stoves I have been used to,
and I have so much more time to make everything just right. Just look at that roll! I never
had had luck with bread, biscuits or cake, now.

LADY OF THE HOUSE—Why, how do you explain it?

SERVANT—Well, I don't have to watch everything so close for fear it will burn. You know
how careful you have to be with a take d stove, it is so apt to burn on top before it is baked
through. The Charter Oak bakes it perfectly without any danger of burning. And then in
roasting a turkey, I don't have to keep busting it every five minutes. It roasts beautifully brown
all over without being hard and tough. And you know how crisp the
biscuits are without being hard and tough. You always praised my biscuits, but if it wasn't for
the fire General Green Doors I know they wouldn't be near as nice. I hope I'll never have to cook
any more again when they haven't got a Charter Oak Stove or range.

HENSLEY, JOLLY & DEJERNETTE,

FARMERS SUPPLY HOUSE,

Judge Waxem's Political Proverbs.

There are some very able and honest
statesmen that you can't trust in a hos-
trade.
The spirit of Andy Jackson still
lives.
No man is agin the tariff if it pays
him not to be.
The ballot box and the contribushun
box is seperit institutions.
When a woman has a baby to nuss
she ain't thinkin' much about votin'.
We open our pasters free to the world,
but we don't want the grass tramped to
deh.
Ef Uncle Sam didn't know he could
lick the world he'd be goin' 'round
tryin' to.

Some Congressmen ain't much more
than a speeled dog under the wagon.

3 OF Diseases which afflict man-
kind are due to disorders
of the blood. In fact, if
the vital fluid is kept in good condition,
the tendency to any disease is lessened
by three-fourths. A harmless vegetable
remedy, which cleanses the blood,
should be taken occasionally by every
one. In the young, it assists in the de-
velopment of the body and mind. In
the adult, it helps nature to keep up the
equilibrium of strength, which is fixed
by the labor and cares of life. To the
old and those with the infirmities of age,
it is invaluable for its tonic and
strengthening powers, to prevent dis-
eases which are so often fatal to old peo-
ple. This remedy is Swift's Specific (S.
S. S.). It clears out all the germs and
poison, and builds up the human organ-
ism. We will mail free a valuable book
to all applicants.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

To Advertisers

If you wish
to advertise
and need instruction, send one dollar
for our "Book for Advertisers." A
book of that name, for the purpose
of you to decide what you ought to do,
and give an idea of the probable cost.

If you instruct us
to place a certain amount of adver-
tising for you in the way we think
will give you the most good, you should
send an explicit statement of what
you wish to accomplish, and make
suitable arrangements for payment.
Your order will then receive all the
attention that it requires.

If you wish

an advertisement
prepared and a plan of advertising
marked out; to let you know what
you should do, and what the cost
will be, we will furnish the adver-
tisement and the plan—either or
both, and submit them for your con-
sideration, together with our bill for
the service.

For preparing
advertisements,
we select and estimate the ad-
vertisement any one. For the cheap-
est advertising, we regularly, carefully,
and judiciously select the place, and
are paid by a commission allowed by
the publisher of the paper in which
the advertisement appears.

If you want to learn
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